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THE BYSTANDER August 7, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Canadian Smiles—Two Nurses from Toronto

These attractive, intelligent-looking young women are two of the seventy-nine trained nurses who lately came over from Canada to look after sick and wounded Service men in Britain. In charge of their own matron, Miss Agnes Neill, they are now attached to No. 15 General Hospital, can be recognised by their bright blue linen skirts and brass-buttoned tunics, and brown belts worn over the regulation aprons. Of these two, Nurse H. Pangman was formerly on private duty in her home town, Toronto, and Nurse S. Eede, from Harrow, Ontario, was on the staff of the Toronto General Hospital. More pictures are on page 185

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Ministry of Information can't go on like this. The Silent Column is dead—killed with a single rapier thrust, as the clumsy bull in the Plaza de Toros is killed by a really skilful espada. The Silent Column, pricked by the picadors of the back benches, bewildered by the capeadors, infuriated by the banderilleristas, at last staggered towards the master-espada and received the coup de grace from Don Winston himself.

BUT no sooner had the bull been dragged out of the arena by the mules, than Señors Cooper and Nicholson popped up with a new idea. Thousands of amateur inquisitors were let loose on the land, armed with notebook and pencil, to swarm from house to house "to find out what people are thinking." This is called a Gallup survey and is probably one of the stupidest notions in existence. It suits America admirably, but it doesn't suit the people of this country. Can it be that the Ministry of Information is suffering from galluping consumption ?

THE latest achievement of this Ministry is to send out a bulletin to the newspapers for publication, and then solemnly and pompously rebuke the *Sunday Express* for publishing it. The sooner Lord Beaverbrook gets his Aircraft Production into such a swinging speed that it will run by itself, the sooner he will be free to become Minister of Information. I have said it before in the *Passing Hour*, and I say it again, Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Beverley Baxter are the ideal team for the Ministry, with Mr. J. B Priestley as Director of Home Publicity. Mr. Priestley does not need 10,000 canvassers to find out what England is thinking. He knows.

THE best documentary film which I have seen for a long time is *Men of the Lightship*, the story of the savage attack by two Heinkels on the East Dudgeon lightship early in this year. All the actors are ordinary seamen and they are amazingly good. As for the story itself, and the picture, it leaves one in a blind fury against the latter-day Huns, whose fathers were Huns before them.

I WOULD like those ladies who give tea and whisky to captured German airmen, and who describe to reporters the chivalrous way in which their hands are kissed by these courteous gentlemen, to go and see *Men of the Lightship*. These hand-kissing gents are members of a Corps of butchers and murderers. And the ladies are, in my opinion, smug, mawkish and foolish. Let them keep their tea and their whisky for the men who are defending them.

WHILE the whole world is watching Russia, and our new Ambassador to Moscow, Sir Stafford Cripps, is engaged upon as delicate a task as ever faced a British Ambassador anywhere, Sir Herbert Williams, who represents the Tory interest in Croydon, helped the boat along the other day. Apparently he had been speaking in Hyde Park, and had been heckled. "Is the Home Secretary aware," cried Sir Herbert, "that the gentlemen who were heckling me in Hyde Park last Friday were using Moscow-inspired slogans ?" Address your postcards to "Tact, Croydon."

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD is adamant. He is going to tax books. It is true that Petty Officer A. P. Herbert, M.P., cut Sir Kingsley's case to ribbons, but the Chancellor won't budge. He insists on going down to posterity as the first man to tax the Bible and the Prayer Book. As Mr. Herbert said, in a noble peroration: "The lamp which Milton, Caxton, Sheridan and Dickens hung on the walls of Westminster has been clumsily torn down at last by a Chancellor of the Exchequer who, at this hour of civilisation, sees no distinction between boots and books." Lord Wolmer, following Mr. Herbert, could not see the distinction either. We Grub Street hacks will deal with them all in due time.

VITAMIN B 1 has suddenly come into the front page. Apparently, lack of B 1 is a very serious matter, and scientists have estimated that about a third of the population of the country don't get enough of it. The Ministry of Food have got the business in hand, and I hear that they will be producing an interesting and very important scheme on the subject of B 1 in the near future. Incidentally, the Ministry of Food tells me that the malt and barley mash, which forms the basis of beer, is absolutely seething with B 1, but in the process of fomentation it gets removed. If beer could only keep its B 1, then it would be a marvellous food. It seems to me to be pretty good as it is.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI is by no means the slim slip of a thing which he was in the days when he was being arrested for revolutionary activities a quarter of a century ago. In fact, he is definitely in the heavy-weight class. All the

Inspection : Mr. Waterson and Miss Juta

Twelve ambulances and twenty-six drivers and mechanics of the M.T.C. were inspected by Mr. S. Waterson, High Commissioner for South Africa, before leaving for Kenya, where they are to serve for the duration of the war. With him here is Company Commander Marjorie Juta, the leader of the unit, who will have Canadians and Australians, as well as Englishwomen and Scotswomen, under her command

Wedding : Lord Ardee and Miss Bowlby

Captain Lord Ardee, Grenadier Guards, is the son of the Earl and Countess of Meath. Elizabeth Mary Bowlby is the daughter of the late Captain Geoffrey Salvin Bowlby, Royal Horse Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby, of Croughton House, Brackley, Northants. They were married at the Royal Artillery Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Miss Bowlby's father was killed in action in 1915 ; her mother, a sister of Viscount Valentia, is a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen

more credit, therefore, is due to the horse which took him over nineteen hurdles the other day, "including an obstacle five feet two inches high." The occasion was the Duce's fifty-seventh birthday, and he put on this Grand National show for the benefit of seventy-one foreign journalists. That horse and jockey ought to come to Aintree after the war is over, on their way to St. Helena.

I WROTE in these pages the other day about the stained glass in the parish churches of York, and I said that nothing was being done to protect this glass against air raids. Now the Lord Mayor of York and the Archbishop announce that something is being done. "A survey of the windows in the parish churches has been made, and a well-considered scheme is in hand." This does not seem to be a tremendous achievement after eleven months of war, and I find it difficult to see exactly how a survey of stained glass will prevent it from being smashed by bombs.

A FORTNIGHT ago we published pictures of Dartington Hall, that magnificent fourteenth-century building which is now the headquarters of a remarkable experiment in rural reconstruction. Among the many activities carried on at Dartington Hall is the Ballet. The famous tilt-yard has been converted into an open-air theatre, where many performances have been given by the Ballet Jooss. Now comes the news that Jooss himself has been interned. The more one hears of the Government's internment muddle, the angrier and the more baffled one becomes.

HATCHARD'S, the famous booksellers in Piccadilly, has at last become a limited company. For nearly a hundred and fifty years it was a private concern. Now Sir Thomas Moore, the M.P. for Ayr, has formed a company and bought it. Sir Thomas proposes to open branches of this celebrated old shop in America, and to make the Piccadilly premises into a literary centre, with a library and a reading-room. Hatchard's is one of the last surviving shops which still have benches in the street outside, where the footmen of wealthy patrons could sit at ease in the sun, while their masters studied the shelves inside.

IT is almost impossible for Art to keep up with Nature. That is one reason why I am so sorry for my colleague, Home Guard Wyndham Lewis. The poor old chum devotes hours a day trying to invent fantastic stories for your benefit, and then Nature quietly steps in with a cracker-jack. Miss Rosita Royce, of New York, has gone on strike against doing eleven strip-tease shows a day in the World's Fair. She doesn't mind for herself. Oh, no. But she is helped in her show by fifteen doves, who have been skilfully trained "to occupy strategic positions," says the report. "I have to think of the health of the doves," says Miss Royce. Home Guard, it's your turn now.

Music-Making: Jack Hylton and Dr. Malcolm Sargent

Jack Hylton, the dance band king, has stepped into the breach of the London Philharmonic Orchestra's finances by arranging to present it, with Malcolm Sargent as its conductor, at theatres all over the country. The tour, beginning at the Empire Theatre, Glasgow, on August 12th, has been arranged in co-operation with manager-producer George Black. The L.P.O. will spend a week in each town, give two concerts a day, change its programme daily, play music ranging from Bach to Strauss

River-Guarding: M.P., Rear-Admiral and Vice-Admiral

The Home Guard river patrol on the upper reaches of the Thames was inspected recently at Wargrave by the River Guards' Chief Commander, Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke (centre), Treasurer to the Queen, and Groom-in-Waiting and Extra Equerry to the King. With him here are Major Sir Ralph Glyn, Member for Abingdon, who has a house on the river at Wantage, and Vice-Admiral T. N. James, who lives in Buckinghamshire

Engine-Naming: Chairman and Inspector-General

"Home Guard" is a new L.M.S. express engine of the Patriot class, named at Euston last week by the Inspector-General of the Home Guard, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Pownall. Lord Stamp, chairman of the L.M.S., was at the ceremony. Fifty thousand of the company's staff have joined the Home Guard, including the driver and fireman of the new engine, and some of the Euston L.D.V. section lined up in uniform on the platform as guard of honour

"IRENE," at the New Gallery

***Musical Comedy** is where Anna Neagle (right) started, and after excursions into history and drama which threatened to submerge her lighter side, Herbert Wilcox, directing her for the fourteenth time, brings back the band with "Irene," twenty-year-old hit of Broadway. Irene is a mannequin, who, after having ruined the dress she is to model at a charity ball, persuades the dress-shop manager (Roland Young) to let her wear a quaint old dress that had belonged to her mother. It is, of course, the "Alice Blue Gown," and wearing it Irene wows the socialites (and the film audience) with the famous waltz-song*

***True Love** comes to its habitually successful fruition in "Irene," even after the heroine has discovered that the man she loves (Ray Milland) is the owner of the dress shop which has made her pose as the niece of a hypothetical Irish peeress in order the better to sell their wares. Out of pique she has temporarily become engaged to his best friend, but one of his previous commitments crops up to provide material for an altogether satisfactory double wedding. "Irene" has replaced "Convoy" at the New Gallery*

Old Tales Re-told

Films of a Classic Farce, A 'Twenties Musical, and Once Again Elizabeth Of England

"THE SEA HAWK," at the Warner

***Galley slaves** Francis Thorpe (Errol Flynn) and Carl Pitt (Alan Hale) are privateers, members of a band called the "Sea Hawks" who have been betrayed by Britain's fifth columnist Chancellor, Lord Wolfingham, and captured by the Spaniards while on an expedition to Panama to raid King Philip's gold trains. Eventually they escape and capture the ship in which they have been imprisoned. "The Sea Hawk" differs from previous Elizabethan films by laying considerable emphasis on the political angle and its parallels for us to-day. Hollywood, in fact, has realised there's a war on*

***Duel** between the traitorous Lord Wolfingham (Henry Daniell) and Francis Thorpe (Errol Flynn) polishes off simultaneously Wolfingham and England's appeasement policy. Thorpe is able to take to the Queen proof of the Spanish King's plan of invasion and of Wolfingham's complicity in it. Thus he reinforces his advocacy of naval rearmament and earns himself a knighthood at the launching of the first ships of the programme. "The Sea Hawk" is showing at the Warner Theatre*

"CHARLEY'S (Big-Hearted) AUNT," at the Leicester Square Theatre

Aunts *genuine and fake meet over a cup of tea. The arrival in Oxford of Aunt Lucy (Jeanne de Casalis) narrowly saves the situation for her spurious predecessor (Arthur Askey), who has turned female impersonator and stimulated a charitable interest in Egyptology to impress the Dean of his college, in whose daughter his inseparable (on the screen as on the air) companion Stinker is interested. For purposes of this film the aunt comes from Birmingham rather than the traditional Barcelona, and the undergraduate humour has been given a more down-to-earth twang by its new music-hall interpretation. The film is showing at the Leicester Square Theatre*

Corsets *are a stage prop familiar to all devotees of English farce, and Arthur Askey respects the spirit of his Brandon Thomas original far enough to tussle with them in the course of his masquerade. Strangely dressed undergraduate onlookers are Graham Moffat, ex-Will Hay stooge, as Albert Brown, and Richard Murdoch, Askey's companion in his ride to fame on the radio "Band Waggon," as Stinker Burton. The comedians have considerably embellished, to suit their special talents, the Christmas evergreen of the stage which is their model*

Niece *of the Spanish Ambassador in England, Doña Maria (Brenda Marshall) is attacked by Thorpe's men on her voyage to England. Love for the gay-hearted raider follows and she tries unsuccessfully to save him when he falls into Spanish hands. Fortunately for all concerned and for the plot he is well able to save himself. With Doña Maria in her rose-gathering expedition is her English companion, Miss Latham (Una O'Connor)*

Queen Elizabeth *is in "The Sea Hawk" played, not for the first time, by Flora Robson. She is less kindly treated by the plot than is usual in such films, being topically represented as an apostle of appeasement and opponent of rearmament under the influence of a Chancellor in the pay of Spain. In the end, however, she is convinced of England's need by the gallant Captain Thorpe and lays down the necessary keels to cope with the Spanish Armada*

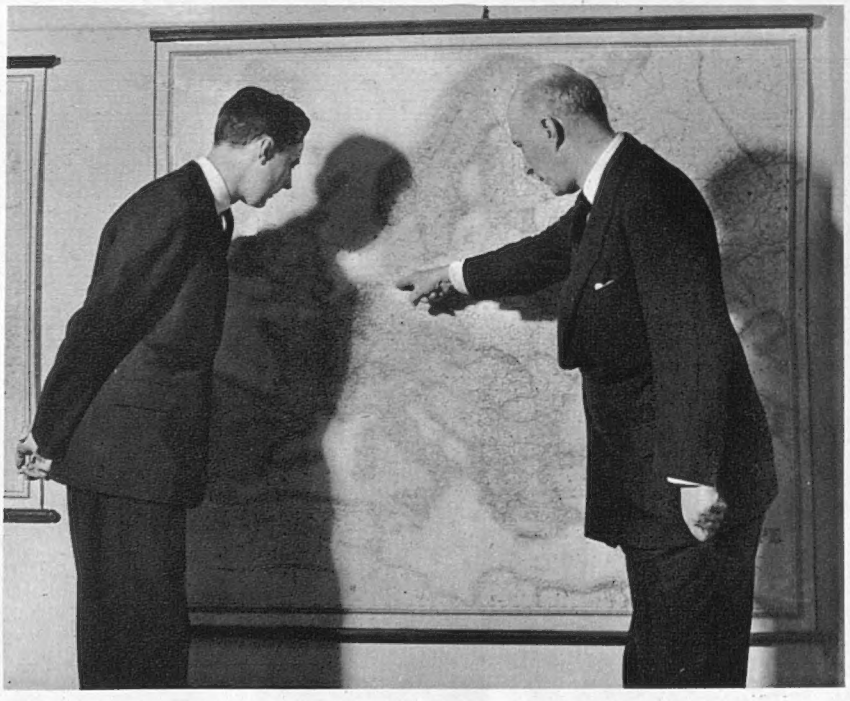
Socialist *son of the late Canon J. N. Dalton, friend of Queen Victoria, Hugh Dalton was at Eton and King's, Cambridge. He is a barrister and has been a lecturer at the London School of Economics. During the last war he served in France and Italy and holds an Italian medal for military valour. He was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the 1929 Labour Government and Chairman of the Labour National Executive in 1936-7*

Blockader

Hugh Dalton Now Controls All Atlantic Trade

In pubs, in clubs, in 'buses and trains, one hears continually the knowing pronouncement: "Ah, but he 's running short of oil, you see." And it is Hugh Dalton's job to see that he does run short of oil, and of all other war materials, as quickly as possible. Last week in Parliament he announced that in view of the German occupation of France's West Coast, all Atlantic shipping must now be subject to our contraband control and that France and French North Africa must for purposes of blockade be regarded as enemy occupied territory. Thus Mr. Dalton hopes to make the last twist of the knife into our enemies' vital supplies. When the Ministry of Economic Warfare was originally set up under Mr. Chamberlain, Dalton, as the Parliamentary Labour Party's leading economist, was the leading critic of the loopholes it was leaving in our blockade, allowing, for instance, both Italy and Spain to import oil far in excess of their normal requirements. Now the critic is in office, we may expect that the gaps he was so quick to see have been well and truly plugged. A second important branch of his work is the supplementing of the blockade by direction of the R.A.F. bombing raids on German industrial plant, storage depots and transport lines. Here, too, there has since he came into office been incessant and effective activity, notably the raids on the Dortmund-Ems Canal. Between the Navy and the R.A.F., both working on a new sort of Dalton plan, we soon may truly say: "Ah, but he 's running short of oil"

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Objectives *for R.A.F. bombing raids on German industrial centres are selected by the Minister of Economic Warfare in order to give the maximum possible effect on German war production in combination with the blockade he controls. Here Mr. Dalton points out on one of the maps, which are essential office furniture for him, a vital spot to his private secretary, Mr. Hancock*

Flowers *decorate Mr. Dalton's desk in his pleasant office in Berkeley Square House, former Air Force headquarters. This feminine note is in marked contrast to the leather-and-mahogany masculinity of Miss Florence Horsbrugh's office surroundings (opposite). In the same building works Mr. Ronald Cross, Mr. Dalton's predecessor, now Minister of Shipping*

Pictorial Press

Woman in Office: Florence Horsbrugh

One of the few members of Mr. Chamberlain's Government to keep their job unchanged through successive re-shuffles and into Mr. Churchill's Ministry, Miss Florence Horsbrugh, C.B.E., was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health a year ago, and has played a leading part in the immense re-organisation of the Ministry's work which war has entailed, with special reference to the part of women in the Civil Nursing Reserve and other departments of civil defence. During the last war Miss Horsbrugh worked in canteens with great distinction, being awarded the M.B.E. for her services. She was appointed C.B.E. last year. Conservative M.P. for Dundee since 1931, she was in 1938 the first woman to be given the job of moving the Address in reply to the King's Speech at the Opening of Parliament

Pothunter *Binnie Hale, leading lady of the Saville's uproarious revue, "Up And Doing," is not content with raking all the aluminium out of her home and dressing-room to provide material for a "Spitfire." She is at the same time whipping round to collect £6,000 to buy one*

Dart-thrower *Dame Clara Novello Davies had one pretty near the bull when she tried her hand at a fete held at Hampton Court in aid of the Army Comforts Fund and the Services Musical Instrument Fund, of which she is a leading supporter*

Striking a Stage Note . . .

Bicyclist *Gabrielle Brune, daughter of Adrienne Brune, the Australian musical comedy actress, is so attached to her well-fitted-up model that she even wheels home on it in the early hours of the morning from the restaurant where she is now singing in cabaret. She made her name singing and dancing in last year's Gate Revue*

Doyenne *Marie Tempest returned to the London stage for the first time since the war when "Dear Octopus" was revived at the Adelphi. Fifty-five years ago last May, Dame Marie Tempest made her debut, and five days before Dodie Smith's play re-opened she celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday. "Dear Octopus" itself will soon be two years old*

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"High Temperature" (Duke of York's)

"WHAT I say three times," quoth the Bellman, "is true"—forgetting, by the way, to say it more than once, so perhaps we needn't believe him. But on a similar principle Mr. Avery Hopwood, the author of this depressing scramble, would appear to hold that what is done three times is funny, and what is done three-and-thirty times is a scream. Seldom have I seen a farce in which so many desiccated tricks are so often repeated. If it is not funny the first time Mr. Clifford Mollison in his undies dives under the bed inhabited by Miss Winifred Shotter in hers, believe me, it is not funny the last time Mr. Mollison, in the same condition, dives under the same bed. If it is not funny the last time Mr. Mollison jumps into the bed with Miss Shotter, believe me, it is not funny the first time. Nor is it funny any of the times Mr. Mollison, still stripped, leaps into the chest that is obviously there for that purpose. Or any of the times he dashes behind the screen. Or hides in the telephone cubby-hole. Or nips out of the telephone cubby-hole into the cubby-hole adjacent.

But there is a war on, and this is supposed to be the stuff to give the troops. If only the troops would give the stuff to give the troops the stuff the troops ought to give it! There wouldn't be much Duke of York's Theatre left.

THERE is really nothing to say about *High Temperature* except that it is the depths. Now Miss Shotter, highly compromised, accounts for everything by explaining that it is the squirrels. Now Miss Margaret Yarde prepares linseed poultices and slaps them on to unwilling chests. Now people sneeze. Now Mr. Mollison says, "Woman, leave this house; I mean, heave this louse." A very heavy-this-lousy show—the sort of show you just don't refer to at all in the interval, there being some subjects too painful for discussion. And the whole thing could be got through so much more quickly. Mr. Mollison could just get under the bed once, and have done with it. Miss Shotter could just walk across the stage once in her deshabille, thus giving us in five seconds the very essence of her part. Miss Yarde could glare one glare and snort one snort. And that would be that, and Tubes would be Tubes, and home would be home. Than which there is no place more like.

FROM all of which you will gather that *High Temperature* is not my cup of tea, or even my dose of quinine. But there is quite a good game to be played after it, which is to compile a list of "Things I would rather do than see *High Temperature* again." Including, in my case, crawling under your own bed in your own undies and staying there.

Lady in war-paint (Margaret Yarde)

Undress uniform: Elizabeth Gilbert and Oliver Gordon

Sketches by Rouson

Bedroom scene—Jack Livesey, Clifford Mollison and Winifred Shotter

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Bows and arrows are being sold in increasing quantities, according to one of the gossip-boys, to R.A.F. sportsmen in areas where the use of gunpowder on rabbits is forbidden, and also to chaps who think this weapon would be useful against enemy parachutists, as it undoubtedly would. Those dreary nitwits who deem everything medieval a fancy-dress joke should watch the performance a modern expert can give with the Spanish yew long-bow and the steel-tipped arrow—a terrifying missile, lethal up to 150 yards and more effective at point-blank range, they say, than a bullet. The proper manipulation of the long-bow moreover demands a certain amount of physical strength, and the bowmen of Agincourt and Crécy were obviously pretty tough numbers to be able to keep up that drumfire which defeated the French. Further, since these bowmen were Welch, they were short, blackavised, hairy, passionate, and bow-legged, with fiery eyes and clear tenor voices, chanting strange oaths above the noise of battle most melodiously and maybe breaking at intervals into four-part glees of a highly mediocre kind.

None of this rude Cymric strength and skill and melody is needed to squeeze the trigger of what Damon Runyon's guys have so admirably christened The Old Equaliser—the original equalisation idea belongs, oddly enough, to Slogger Carlyle, who put it into the mouth of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh—and with the beneficent aid of gunpowder very many tiny frail sweet-faced women have been enabled to knock huge swaggering heroes for a row of cardboard Japanese dumb-bells. Years ago in a Paris gunsmith's window we saw the daintiest possible model of an equaliser any petulant sweetheart could desire—a handbag-size Browning with a damascened and enamelled butt all over true lovers' knots and an engraved motto, "*Toujours à toi.*" Possibly the butt held a lipstick and powder-puff as well. At any rate, it was a far more useful birthday gift than a long-bow, for the employment of which the modern bijou flat is ill-adapted. The same applies to the horsewhip, as so many sahibs have discovered of recent years on trying to teach cads a lesson.

Mænads

"THALESTRIS," remarked the poet Edward ("Night Thoughts") Young some 200 years ago, "triumphs in a manly Mien, loud is her Accent and her Phrase obscene.—Hark! the shrill Notes transpierce the yielding Air, and teach the neighb'ring Echoes how to swear; if Thunder 's awful, how much more our Dread when *Jove* deputes a Lady in his Stead!" Which shows that the virile ferocity of some of our big girls, then as now, appalled the judicious and perturbed the thoughtful. To-day, when the nymph Thalestris stamps round in military uniform, giving everybody hell (for a picture of ferocity we refer you to a recent Press photograph of a very terrifying big uniformed girl indeed who was accused by an M.P. of wearing men's clothes and being a Fascist), we may well ask how any girl managed to be manly in an eighteenth-century hoop and furbelows and fal-lals. It just

"Funny—this one smells like hair oil"

demonstrates the ruthless willpower of the type. However, what reminded us of Slogger Young's lines was a good story we read recently of a French Army officer of high rank who got to a London dinner-party late the other night, became absorbed in military discussion with a British officer of equally high rank sitting opposite, and was astounded and shocked to find the British brass-hat, who had to leave early, suddenly producing a lipstick and powder-puff from a vanity-case. She was a big A.T.S. number, it turned out, but till the Frenchman perceived her skirt how the devil (*diable*) was he to know?

You will say that most of the sweethearts in uniform one sees round and about manage to do a pretty good job of work and retain femininity at the same time, especially girl firemen, many of whom look like Ziegfeld Follies in those dainty pants; and you will be right. It 's the big tough minority we 're concerned about; the huge brassy-voiced ex-tweedy ones, the leathery, ham-fisted swaggering babies, the hard girls to hounds, the terrors of the countryside. A chap in Whitehall tells us there are a number of these ramping round in women's brass-hat circles already and that they may one day break down the War Office's desperate defences and crash into the Army itself, like a herd of rogue elephants charging a reed stockade. And the troops will soon know the difference, by Gad! (says this chap), when they hear a deep manly contralto asking the colonel why the so-and-so these something sissies aren't given a rump-and-dozen apiece on the square before breakfast, just to warm them up for the day's labours. That will be Major-General Désirée Blastworthy of the Army Council, the Little Ball of Fire.

"Home, James"

Stand

ARCADIA is somewhat divided on the question of that elderly Hampshire farmer who fought the police single-handed with two shotguns during an eighteen-hours' siege the other day, *à la* Kentucky, when they were trying to evict him for refusing to plough his land. On the one hand there is the age-long rustic enthusiasm for a fellow-hayseed who "won't be druv," as we proudly say in the South. On the other, Arcadia realises that there is a war on and that maybe the farmer was wrong in his method; he should have ploughed his land first for his country's sake and then gone after the cops.

Comparisons with the Sidney Street affair, all those years ago, were inevitable. Our oldest inhabitant, Mr. Mangles, thought not only Hampshire but British agriculture as a whole would have appreciated the compliment if Mr. Churchill and a platoon of Guards had again taken part in the siege. However, the Hampshire police did use tear-gas. As "Mélisande," Social Editress of *Farm Chat*, remarked last week: "This certainly adds *éclat* to such proceedings and shows that the police are not averse to giving Agriculture a tumble when it comes to a question of *chic*! Tear-gas is certainly the *dernier cri*, making such old-fashioned Sidney Street methods as setting fire to the whole caboodle look quite absurdly *fin-de-siècle*!"

Snob

THIS knobbly, useful little word, which cropped up again in a suburban slander suit the other day, has changed its meaning down the years very interestingly (an educated chap tells us), like its opposite number, "cad." Cad comes from the French *cadet*, the younger son of a landed family, hence a chap of no expectations and no account. A hundred years ago it was applied somehow to those bloodshot, unshaven bawling citizens who herded the timorous populace in and out of the earliest London omnibuses and were justly loathed and feared by all; to-day it means anybody in the world who didn't go to a very good school. (And don't confuse it with "bounder," which means somebody who went to quite a decent school, but has original ideas.) A snob in Early Victorian times was what we now call a cad. When Jack Spraggon describes Mr. Sponge, that dashing sportsman, to Lord Scamperdale as a rusty-booted snob—what a refreshment Surtees' England is to dip into in these days, incidentally!—he means that Mr. Sponge is what Broadway would call a heel, or a low-life bum. Unless we 're foully wrong, Thackeray's *Book of Snobs* is founded on the same definition, which, once grasped, clears up a lot of bepuzzlement for the modern reader who can't quite see what Slogger Thackeray is driving at. (Snob: Prov. E. *snob*, a vulgar person, also a journeyman shoemaker.—Skeat.)

Exactly when "snob" got its modern meaning we can't discover, but we guess it was round about 1851, when the Island Race was thronging to the Great Exhibition and carefully holding back its voluminous skirts from all contact with undesirable persons. In its modern connotation snobbery is a product of the Industrial Revolution, we should judge. There was certainly none of it in England when the pilgrims rode to Canterbury—can you see the Knight and the Miller hobnobbing as equals now?—and although lords were highly reverenced in the eighteenth century, the Age of Reason, there was none of that comic aping by every class of the manners and customs of the class immediately above it, which is the present foible of the Race (whom God preserve!). The lecturer then, having removed his boots and hurled them dexterously at the two dumbest Nordic pans in the front row, left the rostrum.

Choobes

COLOURED photographs of the inside of the human torso have recently been taken by an American doctor—a fact which is interesting Art circles, but not very much, although these photographs will undoubtedly add attraction to medical literature, which has depended so long on gay coloured drawings—fascinating enough, but stereotyped and affording little scope for the artist's individuality—of what Mr. Kipps called Choobes. On looking into a new work full of such illustrations a Harley Street chap we know murmured, "I know that sweet girl," pointing at the same time to Plate XLV. He was lying, of course. Had it been an actual coloured photograph of a lady's interior he might have been telling the truth, so far as any Harley Street chap can tell the truth, but even then we wouldn't have believed him unless the thing was autographed—a vogue which may very well spring up before long as these photographs become popular, and why not? Any kind of change from the usual dumb or smirking or leering pans you see in glass or silver frames on grand pianos would often be agreeable, and Mr. Howard Coster, Photographer of Men, for example, could create a second reputation as Photographer of Men's Insides. Moreover, the Camera Club boys would probably welcome it, being by now pretty bored with photographing yachts and nudes, we should say. A member told us about a year or so ago that they were even then sufficiently desperate to spend an entire evening listening to an expert on photographing chrysanthemums in colour.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Yes—that is an improvement"

Films of the Day

A Pimpernel in Germany

By George Campbell

WAS it quite so easy for aliens to enter England, just before the war, as you might suppose from *Night Train to Munich*? I shouldn't be surprised. The whole passport rigmarole has always seemed to me rather a waste of time, seeing that the worst crooks and enemy agents never seem to lack one; but perhaps it keeps officials happy. Anyway, the Czech heroine and her escort just row ashore with a fish or two, tie up the boat, and disappear among the trippers.

That is the beginning of the fun. For while the girl is genuine, the man is a Nazi agent masquerading as a fugitive from a concentration camp. His job is to follow her and so track down her father, the inventor of a special kind of steel, now working for the British somewhere on the South Coast. It all goes like clockwork, the little Czech is double-crossed, and the rest of the film is devoted to the efforts of a British secret agent—a Sir Percy Blakeney sort of chap, played by Rex Harrison—to get them away from under the Nazis' noses.

His ruses and disguises may try your credulity but never your patience. Carol Reed is our most versatile, as well as our most distinguished director, able to range from *The Stars Look Down* to *A Girl Must Live*, and a witty script by Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder loses nothing in his hands. I am happy to record that Charters (Basil Radford) and Caldicott (Naunton Wayne), the poker-faced Englishmen of *The Lady Vanishes*, turn up again, one of them shattered, in the dim mollusc brain of his, by the loss of his golf clubs in Berlin.

Unwittingly, they get mixed up in the British agent's attempt to rescue the girl and her father. "You know, Charters," says Caldicott-Wayne, pondering deeply, "it seems funny about old Bennett being here—in Nazi uniform, I mean." Charters-Radford, on reflection, agrees it *is* funny. Perhaps the feller has turned traitor. "What?" Caldicott-Wayne is indignant. "A chap who played for the Gentlemen?" Charters-Radford thinks deeply and finds the logical answer. "Only once," he points out.

There must be some good in a race that can satirise itself like that. And I liked the thrusts at the Nazi régime, especially the rebuke of the little clerk accused of complaining. "*This* is a fine country to live in!" "Oh, no, sir—I said, 'This is a *fine* country to live in.'" He gets away with it, and we are left with his puzzled senior repeating the phrases: "*This* is a fine country to live in." . . . "This is a *fine* country to live in." . . . And then, with a sigh and conviction, "This is a bloody awful country to live in!"

The suspense would be greater if Rex Harrison's part were not written and played quite so lightly. The audience's reaction to the too-nonchalant hero is obvious and sensible; if he doesn't care whether he ends in the cold, cold ground or the heroine's warm embraces, why should they? This doesn't apply to the climax on a dizzy Swiss funicular, with Mr. Harrison performing a Douglas Fairbanks leap from car to car to reach safety with his little Czech playmate. I should add that she is played vigorously and prettily by Margaret Lockwood, and that Paul von Hernried makes a subtle, convincing Nazi agent.

Fun From the Führer

Charters and Caldicott, the two silly asses whom Basil Radford (right) and Naunton Wayne introduced in "The Lady Vanishes," are back again and in fine form in "Night Train to Munich." Armed with a copy of "Mein Kampf," they wander boneheadedly through a pre-war Germany infested with secret agents, British (Rex Harrison) and German (Paul von Hernried). "Night Train to Munich," which George Campbell reviews on this page, is showing at the Empire

"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940" begins with a brilliant dancing duel between Fred Astaire and George Murphy, and that is how it goes on. When these two masters are not tapping, Eleanor Powell is. The plot is no great thing—just the old one about the two friends, and how the wrong one gets the lucky break and the swelled head, and there is nearly a first-night flop. Mr. Murphy is drunk in his dressing-room. The show, notoriously, must go on. What is to be done? Mr. Astaire assumes his rival's clothes and mask, dances triumphantly, the show is saved, and his friend, sobered up, is hailed as a great new star. If that is the sort of thing you like, with plenty of clever dancing, then *Broadway Melody of* 1940 is a riot. I particularly enjoyed Frank Morgan as a producer always in trouble over the ham performers he discovers, and girl friends who try to say good-night without handing back the ermine cape he lends for the occasion.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" is a re-make of the play by Clemence Dane, with Adolphe Menjou as the escaped lunatic who finds he has been divorced—Miss Dane assumes that the law permits this—and Maureen O'Hara as his daughter. A depressing story is not improved by a mixture of American idiom—English fathers don't ordinarily address their offspring as "Daughter"—and the Great Dane big bow-wow style which gives us such dialogue as: "Like cut grass withering in the sun—that's what life will be without you!" and "The heavens might fall and the earth might wither and die, but not that!" Miss O'Hara, rather terrible in *Jamaica Inn*, looks like developing into a real actress.

THAT old Jannings' tear-jerker, *The Way of All Flesh* (no connection with Samuel Butler), has been made again, this time with Akim Tamiroff as the bank cashier, devoted to his wife and four children, who is robbed of £20,000 by a New York siren. No cashier of my acquaintance is so simple-minded, and making him a Hungarian immigrant cannot disguise the fact that Lajos Biro's story fits oddly into the American scene.

I NEVER thought I should have to pass by a Cagney film as not worth reviewing, but (a few bright spots apart) *Boy Meets Girl* is rubbish. The Warners have a pretty touch in crime. A joke in their hands is no laughing matter.

"Cottage to Let"

The New Spy Thriller at Wyndham's

The first spy thriller of the war began its run last Wednesday at Wyndham's. Geoffrey Kerr is the author of *Cottage to Let*, which is all about a scientist working on a new pain-killing drug, his kidnapping by a spy, the sinking of the U-boat taking him to Germany, and his escape. Leslie Banks, Alastair Sim, Gillian Lind and a boy called George Cole, who is an astonishingly good young actor, have the chief parts. The production is by Richard Bird

***Young lovers** are a pilot-officer (Thorley Walters) and the scientist's daughter, Marguerite (Pamela Nell)*

Photographs by Houston Rogers

***Hero** is the scientist, John Barington, played by Leslie Banks. Here with his butler, really a Scotland Yard detective (Fred Groves), he attempts to escape after he is kidnapped by the Germans*

***Villain** is the spy (Alastair Sim), an apparently harmless vague person who takes a cottage on the scientist's estate. With him is a young evacuee who helps to foil his plans (George Cole) and the scientist and his wife (Leslie Banks and Gillian Lind)*

Laraine Day and Joel McCrea play leads in "Foreign Correspondent," film adaptation of Vincent Sheehan's "Personal History"

"Bring it up a bit" director Hitchcock urges Joel McCrea and Herbert Marshall outside a peace palace in Amsterdam

Film in the Making

Alfred Hitchcock Directs His Second Hollywood Picture

Alfred Hitchcock, summed up by Hollywood as England's best and biggest director (he weighs somewhere around 17 stone), went across the Atlantic last year to make Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca* into a film for United Artists. The result was a record-breaking success in America, has been a fair success in London. "Hitch's" second assignment is another book, Vincent Sheehan's *Personal History*, now filmed as *Foreign Correspondent*. This enabled the director to indulge, at least in imagination, in his passion for travel. If Hitchcock can't go somewhere to shoot a scene, he may charter a plane, a boat or a railway carriage to hold a conference in. He and his wife, who collaborates with him very ably, live with their eleven-year-old daughter in a Los Angeles flat

Adventures *of Miss Day include near-drowning, for which she has a ducking in the studio's deep tank. After the stern ordeal of working in this Hitchcock journalistic thriller, she turned into a romantic tomboy as team-mate for Robert Cummings in "And One Was Beautiful"*

Make-up *is in charge of Arthur Stone, himself a star in the days of silent films. Laraine Day holds one of his brushes, looks timidly up at him. Starlet for whom stardom came in sight after her success in "My Son, My Son," she is still a shy, sensitive girl who loves home life with her family, gives a tenth of her income to the Mormon Church to which she belongs*

"Hitch," *stuffed into a fringed folding chair, turns a sleepy eye on the continuity girl at his elbow. Hitchcock scripts are unique in their detail and exactitude, grouping, action and position of camera being worked out for each of several hundred scenes. This eliminates cutting, costs thousands of dollars less than normal Hollywood procedure*

Solemn faces *are pulled by director Hitchcock and a couple of assistants over a bunch of stills of Laraine Day brought on to the set from the developing room*

Morning *begins to mean something to Evelyn Dall at about eleven o'clock when she takes a peek from her window at what the weather is doing to the trees of Belgrave Square, which her flat overlooks*

Current affairs *as expounded by the three morning papers she daily reads evidently have Evelyn puzzled. She believes in keeping in touch with the strange antics of the Continent-at-war in which she has landed from her securer America*

A Crooner's Day

Evelyn Dall at Home and at Work

A New York girl, who was only fifteen when she made her first stage hit in her home-town, Evelyn Dall has plenty of varied experience behind her now that at a still tender age she is repeating the process in London. She came over here first at sixteen to pull down £60 a week as a crooner at Grosvenor House, and after a brief trip home when that engagement ended, was snapped up by Ambrose and his band. With him she broadcast, toured the country and Europe, and achieved special fame as the first crooner to practise her art at Buckingham Palace, gathering on the way a regular flap of fans. But most of them thought of her, in spite of four British film appearances, as a stationary decoration with a voice and technique of putting over swing-songs to match. Now *Present Arms*, at the Prince of Wales, has proved that she 's mobile, and very delightfully and skilfully mobile at that. Five-foot-two and eight stone, Evelyn has all the physical attributes of those Miss Somewhere-or-others who "want to be an actress." And, as the fans have been remarking lately, she is

Interlude *in the show has Evelyn knitting for victory while she waits, suitably attired, to exhort the audience to dig for ditto*

"Dig," *sings Evelyn, ravishing as a lady-gardener and backed by a chorus of gentlemen-gardeners, "dig, dig, dig for victory." This is one of the not-so-stern topical notes in "Present Arms" that are keeping the Prince of Wales Theatre well filled*

Exercise *can be handily had by the side of the Serpentine, a few stone's throws from her flat. A keen golfer, swimmer and horsewoman, Evelyn believes in the value of fresh air*

The music *goes round and around outside as well as inside Evelyn's head when she prepares to put on her stage make-up by donning a note-spotted handkerchief. Soon she will be ready to "Present Arms"*

Photographs by Pictorial Press

ke and Evelyn have long been in-rable, and Evelyn is tops in spark- white against a private blackout ng the audience "I'm All In"

Uniforms *are featured in most musicals nowadays, and this one certainly suits Evelyn. People who thought she could only stand still and croon now know their mistake*

Home *after another successful evening, Evelyn dips into Sir Nevile Henderson's "Failure of a Mission." No stage-limited thinker, she likes to keep up on her reading*

Heads *of the Westminster canteen are Mabel Lady Heathcote and Mrs. G. W. Rendel. Lady Heathcote is the widow of the late Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bt. Mrs. Rendel's husband is British Minister in Sofia; she has stayed in England to be with her three children. She chose all the excellent decorations and furniture for the canteen*

Are You Being Served?

Doing flowers *are Mrs. R. Wilson and Miss Doreen Kent. The former supervises the Westminster voluntary staff shifts*

Decorating cakes *(with pale green cream on grated cocoanut) is Mrs. Hughes, the cook. Preparing another square for her is Miss Whipman; watching is Mrs. Alexander, in charge of the kitchen*

Serving *an Australian quartet is Mrs. Bostocks. Colonial troops are frequent visitors at the Westminster canteen, which is a handy sight-seeing centre*

Selling cigarettes *on the right is Mrs. Denys Danby, whose husband runs an A.R.P. animal clinic in the stables at Buckingham Palace*

Result *of the work on the left is the display above. Every cake except the buns is home-made. Counter workers are Mrs. Cumberlege, Mrs. Edgar Gubbins, Mrs. Carrick*

Shelling peas *in teen kitchen are The last-named, like Catholic Women's*

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

No. 25. The Catholic Women's League Canteen, Westminster

Near Westminster Cathedral, in the War Memorial Hall built where a canteen stood throughout the last war, is the large canteen and hostel run by the Catholic Women's League, under the direction of Mrs. G. W. Rendel. She represents the League on the Council of Voluntary War Work, the eight organisations represented on the Council being the only ones authorised by the War Office to run hostels and canteens for the Forces. Westminster has 20 beds, serves 70 to 80 lunches (joint, two veg., sweet, for 1s. 2d.) a day, four to five thousand cups of tea a week, makes its own mayonnaise and almost all its own cakes, is noted for its abundant fresh vegetables, has one paid cook besides its voluntary staff. And it pays its way under the expert management of its caterer, Mrs. Alexander

***An Eaton Square** drawing-room is now a reading- and writing-room for Service men. Members of the Catholic Hostel voluntary staff who are being companionable above are Mrs. Morris (by the window), Miss Anne Paile (by the table), Miss Dorothy Strutt, a cousin of Lord Rayleigh (by the wireless), Miss Bigg*

No. 26. The Catholic Hostel, Eaton Square

Another Catholic organisation, the Hostel in Eaton Square, was established under the auspices and with the financial assistance of the Knights of St. Columba, with the approval and generous encouragement of Cardinal Hinsley. The house, let for the ground rent only by its owner, Colonel Balfour, Scots Guards, has beds for 50 men. Bed, bath and breakfast cost 2s.; full board and lodging for men on long leave is 25s. a week. Lunch, two courses and tea, is 1s. 4d.; supper, one dish and bread and butter, is 8d. There is also a bar, run by a paid staff, where beer as well as soft drinks can be bought. Both this hostel and the Westminster canteen make no denominational restrictions

***Making beds** at the Catholic Hostel in Eaton Square is Mrs. R. D. G. Morris, a regular worker whose husband is treasurer of the hostel fund. She has a daughter in the A.T.S., a son at school*

e yard outside the Westminster can-Miss Roche, Miss Boyd, Miss Crowder. r sister, is a member of the eague, works regularly at the canteen

***Laying lunch** in the Westminster dining-room is Mrs. Hargrove. Note the table glass, high above canteen average*

***Welcoming guests** under the imposing Eaton Square portico is the superintendent, Mr. McFarland*

Old Bill and Co.: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Talk about swank! Just because 'is was the only 'ouse 'it by the bomb, yer can't scarcely speak to 'im"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Speaking as a Man . . .

By V. S. Pritchett

THE short stories of Irwin Shaw show once more what a debt English literature owes to the American tough reporters. They played an important part in that revolution which has set free popular speech, which has driven out the euphemisms of the drawing-room and driven in the euphemisms of the café and the street. *Sailor Off the Bremen* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a lively collection of twenty talk-stories, less artificial but also less original than Hemingway's which founded the genre. The tough reporters discovered that it was just as exciting to listen to three or four people talking and to watch their story take its form, as it was to chew away at the old-fashioned sandwich of talk, character and action, set out in separate layers. Take his title-story. A Communist sailor off the Bremen in New York harbour is telling how his friend was beaten up by the Nazis on the boat. The American brother of the sailor listens to the tale:

"If something happens to that Lueger that will be a very good thing," said Preminger.

"Have a cigar," Ernest said, pulling two out of his pocket.

"Something will happen to him," Charley said. "Something will damn sure happen to him."

"You're a dumb kid," Ernest said in the weary tone he used now in all serious discussions.

"What do you prove if you beat up one stupid sailor."

"I don't prove anything," Charley said. "I don't prove a goddam thing. I'm just going to have a good time with the boy that knocked my brother's eye out, that's all."

"It's not the personal thing," Ernest said in the tired voice. "It's the movement of Fascism. . . ."

"My brother," Charley said. "He goes out and he gets ruined and still he talks dialectics. The Red Saint with the long view. The long view gives me a pain in the ass. I'm taking a short view of Mr. Lueger. I'm going to kick the living guts out of his belly. Preminger, what do you think?"

"Speaking as a Party member," Preminger said. "I approve of your brother's attitude, Charley."

"Nuts," Charley said.

"Speaking as a man, Charley," Preminger went on. "Please put Lueger on his back for at least six months."

Speaking as a man—that is the mainspring of the American method as it is also the mainspring of the American philosophy. It is particularly applicable to the war situation as may be seen in the other political story in this book, *Weep in Years to Come*. Walking with his girl down Fifth Avenue a young man explains why he's likely to be "mixed up" in this war. The idea of war is ridiculous, but the idea of living in Hitler's world even more ridiculous for a civilised man. Speaking as a man. . . . A number of these stories are about boxers. There is a lively one about the boxer's wife who is "lonesome" in New York and wants to get back to Kansas because her husband will stay in bed all day "storing up energy." Mr. Shaw specialises in the present discontents of middle-class marriage and though he hardly describes his people at all but lets us guess at them through their talk, he manages very subtle differentiations of character.

Howard Coster

Cecil Day Lewis, poet and Left Wing intellectual, is also Nicholas Blake, detective-story writer, whose latest book, "Malice in Wonderland," is reviewed on this page. Apart from a half-dozen thrillers, each of which has been praised by critics as a piece of good writing as well as a good story, Day Lewis has written two serious novels, several volumes of poetry, and a critical essay, "A Hope for Poetry." He is also one of the contributors to "Scattering Branches," a collection of tributes to the memory of W. B. Yeats, which was recently published

LIFE in a mean street from Wednesday till Sunday—that is the subject of Mr. Walter Allen's *Living Space* (Michael Joseph; 8*s.*), and it is treated with fidelity and ingenuity. The book perhaps lacks a strong central motive force, a specific meaning, but it is also free of that stunt-romanticism and stock tragi-comedy which this subject attracts. Here are half-a-dozen more "true" stories about real people and not the well-worn "characters," skilfully interwoven one with the other. The most interesting of these stories is the one of Cockeye the clever and tortured schoolboy who is expected to win scholarships but who ends in petty theft. Stan, an unemployable, is naïvely drifting towards blackmail; a tippling octogenarian lady lies in bed and backs winners; a mother intrigues against her son's engagement; a bus-man's wife has a baby; the bad girl of the Terrace goes out with the boys. Mr. Allen patiently detaches the dominant passion in each character: a mother's desire for power, another's desire for respectability; yet in every case what the people are fighting for is living space, room to breathe, freedom from frustration. Less spectacular than a writer like Irwin Shaw, Mr. Walter Allen is no less effective in his handling of the talk of the characters. His bus conductors talk like real bus conductors and not a highly spiced B.B.C. Cockney. Stan, posing as a "wide guy" and out of his depth in the company of a rich young man who has picked him up, is excellent.

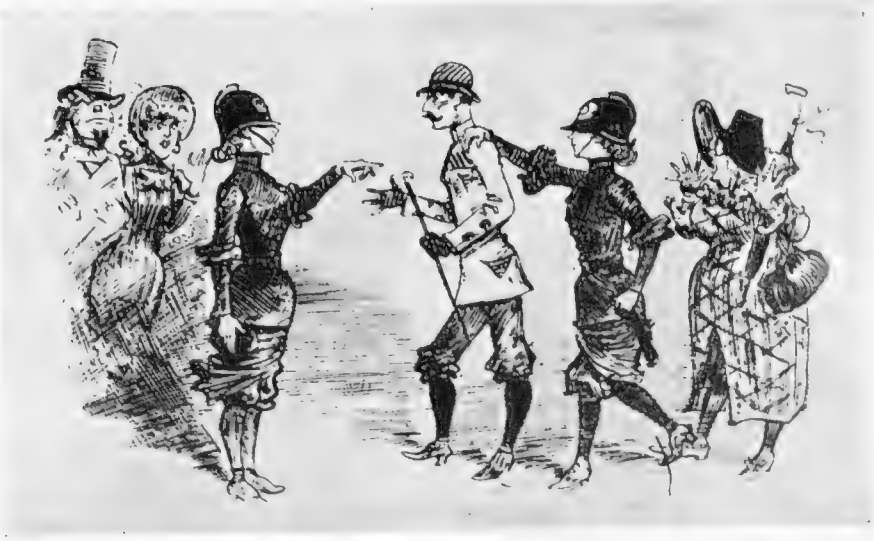
"MALICE IN WONDERLAND" (The Crime Club; 8*s.*) is the new Nicholas Blake, and the Wonderland where the malice occurs is a holiday camp, the super-Corner House of Organised Recreation. During a spot-light dance a voice calls through the loud speaker, "Watch out for the Mad Hatter, boys and girls," a cry not as harmless as it sounds. It is the signal for sabotage, for disorganised recreation, for a series of incidents as fatal to Wonderland as Charlie Chaplin's forgotten screw was to the mass-production factory. At first one suspects a poltergeist. Who else would tug the legs of organised bathers under the organised water, who else ruin the camp concert and the camp tennis tournament by spreading treacle on the piano and on the tennis balls? Tiresome in the old-fashioned boarding-house, this kind of sabotage can become disastrous to Wonderland, which faints away at once at the first whiff of the wrong kind of publicity. And when the detective arrives things get worse; dead animals are distributed in the beds of the campers, there is a hint of mustard gas. That great organiser and community singer, Captain Wise, and his secretary, Esmeralda Jones, so sharp at capping literary quotations, are soon living in the state of demoralisation which only people who live by publicity can know.

DR. GEORGE SAVA is not the first admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson to get into trouble with a donkey. *Donkey Serenade* (Faber; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is the amusing story of his difficulties in Bulgaria two years ago. The best travellers of course go out of their way to seek trouble. It began in Sofia when the doctor found himself about to treat a drunken street singer for apoplexy. Treatment was unnecessary; or, rather, treating was the only possible treatment. The celebrant was suffering from that old disease of revolutionaries who have lived too long—the superannuation of their revolution. Vasil was a Macedonian hopelessly parted from terrorism and now he was reduced to getting drunk in order to sing, and to singing in order "to remind people of their history." His tales and songs began with Alexander the Great and ended with the murdered Alexander of Serbia, but here there was a slip in his history. He was forty-four years out in his dates. To this picaresque guide Dr. Sava trusted himself with excellent results. The experience has produced a lively and informative book about a little-known country and is a pleasant introduction to the main acts and costumes of Balkan politics.

Pictorial Prophet

The Present Day as Robida Saw it Fifty Years Ago

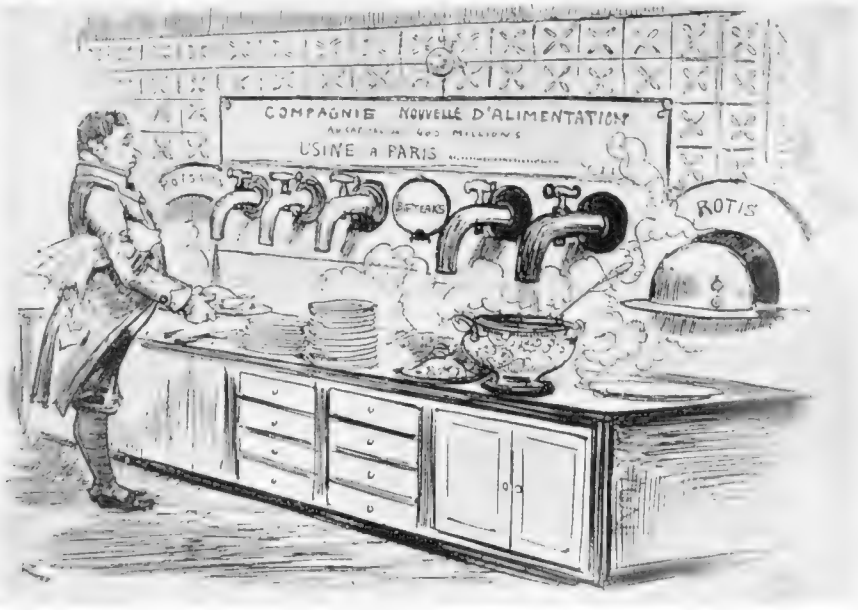
Public telephones *were an affair of the very remote future when Robida produced his album. Still more of the future was the idea that women might stoop to use them*



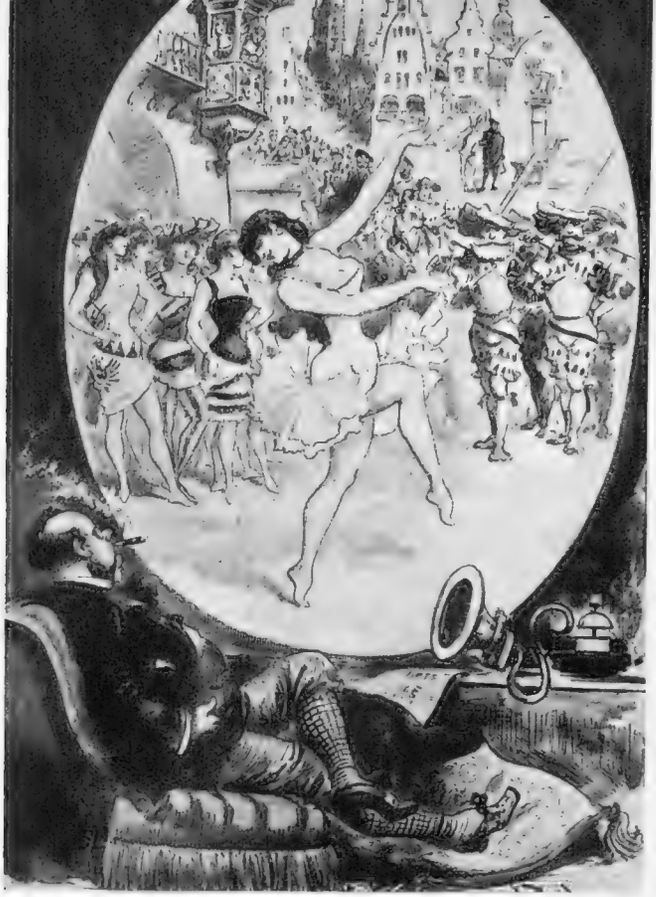
Policewomen *have become a normal part of life, though not with the function Robida predicted—to enforce a law against celibacy (maybe a hint of a totalitarian future)*

Lady doctors *no longer seem even odd. But in 1883 the suggestion that a woman might feel an invalid's pulse was almost an outrage to feminine modesty*

Wireless news, *with a special commentator for every branch of current activity, impinged on the dinner of Robida's characters just as to-day it does on ours*



Family life *is, of course, entirely disrupted as a result of careerism by the domestic sex. But science deals with the situation by providing meals ready-cooked on tap from a factory, a process one mere step ahead of the present-day "automat"*



Leg shows *came to Robida's Stalls Johnnies by way of the "Universal Telephonoscope." Alexandra Palace will be lucky if it reaches this scale of presentation within the next twelve years*

An amalgam of Jules Verne and Heath Robinson (like whom he illustrated Rabelais), Albert Robida published the book of drawings, *La Vingtième Siècle*, from which these pictures were taken, in 1883, when his ideas of the possible march of science and especially of the emancipation of women were objects of scorn to level-headed critics. Born in 1848 at Compiègne, Robida lived long enough himself to see most of his fantasies become part of everyday life. He died in Paris in 1926, after a lifetime of journalistic and artistic activity stretching from his first work for the *Journal Amusant* in 1866 to the publication of an album called *Les Villes Martyres* during the last war. He was for a long time a leading contributor to *La Vie Parisienne* and founded *La Caricature* as well as writing and illustrating a series of books on the old towns of Italy, Switzerland and Spain and a classic history of Paris. Besides the album from which these pictures are taken, he produced in 1887 a prophetic work on XX-century war, anticipating many of the methods of the Blitzkrieg

Private calls *are not yet blessed by the addition of sight to sound, but Robida's forecast recalls suggestions by much later cartoonists when public television was actually under way*

Advocacy *of a skilled female, correctly garbed for appearance in the French Courts, moves the judge to wipe away a hasty tear. If women lawyers have not had quite the startling effect Robida envisaged, they have at least firmly established themselves as able pleaders*

War correspondent *of the twentieth century, according to Robida, is so much on the spot and so well equipped that subscribers to the "Universal Telephonoscope" can be actual witnesses of a battle in progress. And, after all, we have already had horse races televised*

Approach to Autumn

The dividing line between town and country clothes is rapidly disappearing, now that practical dressing is the first consideration. The model below, for example, is cut with all the fit and flare of a town coat, yet the check tweed makes it blend into a country background. Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, have it in a Scotch woven tweed for twelve guineas, cut with a half-belt and double-pleated back and finished with chestnut leather buttons. This particular coat is in a woodland mixture of green, fawn and two shades of brown, but it could, of course, be copied in other colours

"Wool for the winter" is a good guide to far-sighted dress buying, especially when tailored frocks like the one above can be worn for the next few months without a coat. Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge, have this buttoned-through model for 6½ guineas, in various attractive colours. It fits beautifully, and there is individual detail in the folded collar and gathered yoke. For days when you want a suit they have a short-sleeved jacket and skirt in fine wool jersey for six guineas, also in several shades, including three tones of blue. The coat, buttoned up to the neckline, has eight pockets piped in a contrasting colour

Colonel C. A. Rae, of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, is O.C. No. 15 General Hospital where a contingent of seventy-nine Canadian nurses have now taken up duty

Matron in charge of the Canadian nurses is Miss Agnes Neill (left), formerly instructress at the Toronto General Hospital, one of the largest training schools in Canada. Fourteen of her former pupils have come to England in the contingent. With her here is Assistant Matron Shaffner

On Overseas Duty

Some of the Contingent of Seventy-Nine Trained Nurses from Canada Now Attached to a Military Hospital in England

Sitting at the table is Nursing Sister N. Crozier, from Ponoka, Alberta, who was on the staff of the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children. Standing behind are Nursing Sisters E. Fenton and E. Molyneux, who were both doing private duty in Toronto, their home town

In their spare time the nurses explore the country round the hospital by bicycle or on foot. These four nurses are M. Watt and W. Hendriksz, both from Brantford, Ont., M. Walters, from Napanee, Ont., all three formerly doing private nursing in Toronto, and M. Dewar, from Melbourne, Ont., who worked in the X-ray department of the Toronto General Hospital

In the light sunny common-room are eight more cheerful, good-looking young Canadians—Nurses I. Mick, J. Clifton, L. Davidson, D. Horton, M. Whitaker, E. Purdy, A. Jones, and D. Mick. I. and D. Mick are sisters from Powasson, Ontario

Preparing his meal for a patient (below) is Nurse P. Collins, from Exeter, Ont., who was in charge of the medical ward of the General Hospital in Toronto

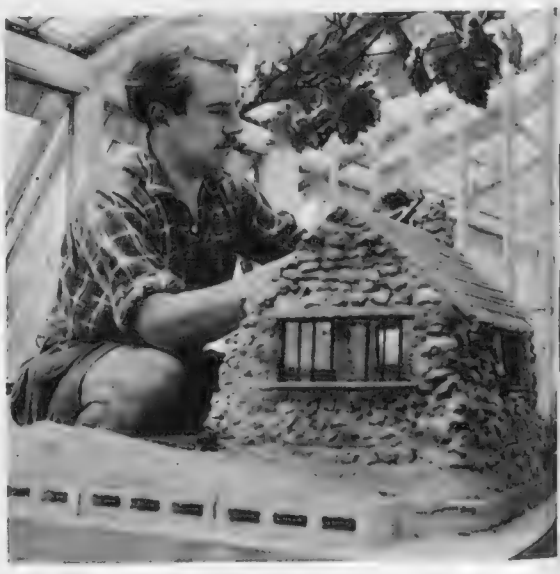
***Environment** of the evacuated students is certainly conducive to elevated architectural thinking. Mount House, a fine seventeenth-century building, is at Hadley Common, near enough to London to be accessible for the distinguished external lecturers who visit the school, and sufficiently in the country to allow of the choosing of sites in the neighbourhood where students can make their plans for architectural development more or less in situ*

***Drawing-studio** gives students a chance to plan are at Hadley Common they can continually nip site on which they are in their imaginations are not wholly concentrated on architecture is right of this picture. But in their three and (shortened from the peacetime five), there is*

Training to Build a Peacetime World

A Country House School for Evacuated Architects

***Lunch** is taken by masters and pupils together in the old stables at Mount House, which, by way of practical training, the students have themselves renovated and strengthened for use as a combined dining-room, lecture hall and air-raid shelter. In this group are Mr. W. L. Stevenson, master in art and decorative design, Geoffrey Powell, Betty Knox-Niven and John Price*



***Model-building** is part of the preparation for bigger things in the school's curriculum. As befits the only major school of architecture in the world controlled entirely by architects themselves, the Architectural Association's school lays particular stress on practical work*

out the houses of the future. Now they round the corner to refer to the actual building. That their artistic abilities shown by the mural decoration at top three-quarter years at the school plenty of serious work to be got through

***Library work** and research are an important part of the school's work, which includes courses on the history of architecture, and a varied selection of books from the extensive library at the Bedford Square headquarters of the Architectural Association has been taken down to Mount House. Students themselves produce an interesting architectural magazine called "Focus"*

With the headmaster installed in a bathroom and one of his assistants in an adjoining linen-cupboard, the ninety-three-year-old school of architecture of the Architectural Association is carrying on for the duration at Mount House, Hadley Common, Hertfordshire. Every nook and cranny of the seventeenth-century building has been turned into studies, lecture-rooms and studios, and the 124 students are billeted in the neighbourhood. The school, which is the biggest of its kind in England and one of the few that can give complete training and examination for the Associateship of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has speeded up for war purposes its normal five-year course, and by introducing an extra summer term gets through its curriculum in three and three-quarter years

Photographs by L.N.A.

***War** is never far away nowadays, and first-aid classes and experiments in bandaging are a regular feature of leisure-time activities at Mount House. Many of the students, who can be granted a year's postponement of military service in order to complete their training, have also joined the Home Guard or other branches of National Service*

***Bricklaying** is commonly left by architects to others. But at Mount House students under the direction of two experts in the craft have turned to and carried out their own ideas as to how to make stables simultaneously bomb-proof and comfortable for human rather than equine habitation. Chevaux 8, Hommes 40 can, in fact, be robbed of its terrors if the men are architects*

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Lt.-Com. Best and Miss Chadwick-Brooks

Lt.-Com. George Frederick Matthews Best, R.N., only son of Admiral the Hon. Sir Matthew and Lady Best, of Crockway, Frampton, Dorset, and nephew of Lord Wynford, and Rosemary Elizabeth Chadwick-Brooks, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. John Chadwick-Brooks, of 4, Queen Anne's Grove, W.4, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Lt.-Com. Best was a survivor from H.M.S. Courageous

Mr. Henderson Stewart, M.P., and Miss Greenwell

James Henderson Stewart, M.P., and Anna Margaret (Peggy) Greenwell were married at St. John's, Smith Square. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Stewart, of Birchwood House, Woldingham, Surrey, has been Liberal National Member for East Fife since 1933. She is the fourth daughter of the late Sir Bernard Greenwell, Bt., and Anna Lady Greenwell, sister of the present baronet

Mr. Hutchinson and Miss Joy Waterlow

Godfrey Ian Hutchinson, R.A.F.V.R., and Joy Waterlow, only daughter of Sir Edgar Waterlow, Bt., and Lady Waterlow, of Wymondley House, near Hitchin, Herts., were married at St. Mary's, Little Wymondley. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey C. Hutchinson, of 49, Hill Street, W.1

Mr. Nevill and Miss Rhodes

Sec.-Lt. Michael George Ralph Nevill, Scots Guards, son of the late Percy Llewelyn Nevill, and Mrs. Nevill, of Birling, West Malling, Kent, and Maureen Ethné David Rhodes, second daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Tahu Rhodes, of 11, Eaton Mansions, S.W.1, and a cousin of Lord Plunket, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Miss Barbara Fordham and Mr. Pelham

Sec.-Lieut. Eric Thomas Pelham, Welsh Guards, and Barbara Fordham were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the only son of Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Pelham, of Currant Hill, Westerham, Kent, and cousin of Lord Avebury. She is the youngest daughter of the late Henry Fordham, and the late Mrs. E. E. Barclay, of Brent Pelham Hall, Hertfordshire

(Continued on page 190)

The girl who says "and Schweppes is mine"

You'd hardly call a Philistine

Getting Married (Continued from page 188)

Hallows — Armytage

Sec. Lieut. John Antony de Berniere Hallows, Wiltshire Regiment, only son of Dr. and Mrs. M. F. Hallows, of the Hermitage, Marlborough, Wilts., and Ellen Elizabeth Armytage, only daughter of J. H. Armytage, of Dean Prior, Torquay, and Mrs. Armytage-Creyke, of 69, Eaton Place, S.W.1, were married at Great Missenden, Bucks.

Crossley — Tibbitt

Flt. Lieut. Michael Nicholson Crossley, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of Major and Mrs. E. Crossley, of Tadmarton House, Banbury, and nephew of Sir Kenneth Crossley, Bt., and Doreen Maud Tibbitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Tibbitt, of 59, Albert Court, S.W.7, were married at Brompton Parish Church

Croom — Samuel

Major John Halliday Croom, R.A.M.C., son of Dr. and Mrs. Halliday Croom, of Rothesay Place, Edinburgh, and nephew of Sir Halliday Croom, the well-known obstetrician, and Valerie Tudor Samuel, actress daughter of the late Dr. Samuel, of Skewen, Glamorganshire, and Mrs. Samuel, of Gloucester Crescent, N.W.1. were married at Holy Trinity, Marylebone

Bacon — Harrison

William Edward Charles Bacon, only son of the late Harold Bacon, and Mrs. Bacon, of Aylmers Field, Hales Barn, Cheshire, and Frances Elisabeth Harrison, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, of 49, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Yates — Petters

Edward Robert Yates, of Shore Hall, Braintree, Essex, and Alison M'Farquhar Petters were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. She is the daughter of Mr. M'Farquhar Petters, the well-known big-game hunter, of Cheam, Surrey; is herself a Section Officer in the W.A.A.F.

Mathias — Hughes

Anthony Robert Mathias, second son of Robert Mathias, of Bury Manor, Pulborough, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Mathias, and Cecily Hughes, only daughter of the late Herbert Athelstan Hughes, and Mrs. Hughes, of 16, Melbury Road, W.8, were married at Brompton Oratory

Boyd — Steven

An Air Force wedding at Woking was that of Flying Officer A. D. M. Boyd, R.A.F.V.R., and Ursula Steven. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Boyd, of the Grange, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey; hers are Mr. and Mrs. W. A. R. Steven, of Lindley, Curridge, Newbury, Berks.

Vickers — Grant

An Air Force wedding at Guildford took place when Squadron Leader Thomas Ryland Vickers and Kathleen Elizabeth Grant were married at Christ Church. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. V. R. S. Vickers, of Yew Trees, Wye, Kent, and she is the daughter of Mrs. F. M. Grant, and granddaughter of C. H. Campbell, of Birdhurst, Reigate, Surrey

Manners-Wood — Davidson

A third Air Force wedding, at Cookham Dean, was that of Flying Officer Peter Hugh Manners-Wood, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Captain R. B. Manners-Wood, and Mrs. Manners-Wood, of Coombe End, Cookham Dean, Berks., and Renée Elizabeth Davidson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Davidson, of Broad Oak, Finchampstead

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Mixed Foursome for War Relief

After the final of the "Daily Sketch" War Relief Fund tournament at Roehampton, the winner, Maureen Ruttle, played with Henry Cotton against the runner-up, Joan Pemberton, and Alfred Padgham. The first couple won this exhibition match by 5 and 4. Here is Cotton (who also acted as auctioneer after the match and bookie during it—all in aid of the Fund) putting on the fifteenth

Marker, Winner, Runner-up

Miss Enid Wilson was marker in the "Daily Sketch" War Relief Fund competition for the finalists. Maureen Ruttle, winner of the southern section, beat Joan Pemberton, northern section winner, by five and four

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

War Relief

Not only the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund, but also a relief from war for a good many people, in uniform or out of it. That was what the final between Southern and Northern winners of the *Daily Sketch* tournaments provided when Miss Maureen Ruttle and Miss Joan Pemberton met at Roehampton the other day. Even those of us who could not get there in time for the rounds had a full share of fun. An evening paper on the way there had retailed the news that Miss Ruttle, having turned three up, had beaten Miss Pemberton by 5 and 4. The sight of Miss Ruttle hugging a magnificent silver salver, "suitably inscribed," confirmed the fact. Enquiry from the two opponents further produced the news that the morning winner, partnered by Henry Cotton, had won the afternoon four-ball match by the same margin from Miss Pemberton and Alfred Padgham—P.C. Padgham, should one call him, or is he by now to be addressed as "Sergeant"?

From the selection of famous golfers scattered round the lounge at the auction, more titbits were to be gleaned. Miss Ruttle had a very big pull in the matter of length, and as if that had not been decisive enough, the putts had been rolling in too. Both had begun shakily, and of the first three holes the less said the better. Then, away had gone Miss Ruttle with a string of the right figures, so that the round, played out for the entertainment of the players and the considerable crowd that followed, cost Miss Ruttle no more than 61 shots. Yes, she really did shape well: the back-swing may be a thought on the fast side and a wee bit cramped at the top, but the power is there all right; a pretty control over the shots that were tossed up to the side of the hole and made to stay there, and her putting noticeably good.

All this was volunteered by an ex-Open Champion of the women. Cotton had thought well of his young partner and had said—but then we were interrupted: Cotton was auctioneering all sorts of elephants, some white and some very much the reverse, in aid of the Fund, and Cotton, as an auctioneer, has a flow of talk worth listening to. "This, ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "is a polo cup. You needn't take any notice of the word 'polo' if you want to present it to a golf club. I don't want to be rude; but I dare say a good deal of the golf that 's being played just now is as much like polo as golf. Ten shillings, one pound, thirty shillings, thirty-five. . . . Now, ladies and gentlemen, this picture; never mind the picture, think of the glass. You 'll be glad of the glass soon, very likely. Five shillings? But that gentleman doesn't really want it, I 'm sure he doesn't. Won't somebody say seven-and-six to relieve him of it?" And so on and so forth, the pounds, shillings and pence rolling up and up, the names of famous golfers who had given things to be auctioned—Mrs. Percy: "one-putt Percy" caught the ear—until the whole grand total on the day amounted to well over £300.

Cotton being an adept at this form of highway robbery, and the victims more than willing to encourage such a Tom Faggus, the round itself gave plenty of opportunity for the same game. At the old seventh, all four were on the green, with a reasonable chance of getting down the putt for a two. "What offers for a birdie?" asks Cotton. A number of folk in the gallery say "A bob." "Another bob." "Five of them." The first three putts just sidle past the hole; Cotton, putting last, rattles the ball into the hole, and the spectators their money into the till.

"The old seventh" needs explaining. Roehampton has made various most excellent alterations to the order of the holes. After playing the first two holes, you continue on up the fine two-shotter which used to be the ninth, and only after playing the requisite number of holes out in the country do you fetch up again at the old third in the neighbourhood of the club. That means, in fact, that the course follows the best modern fashion of two loops of nine holes each, with the alternative starting points both near the club—which will be a most blessed arrangement on the crowded days of piping peace when they return.

There is another involuntary improvement, an Adolf compensation, shall it be called? Not Roehampton's most fervent admirer used to have much that was good to say of the polo ground holes. Like the auctioned cup, they had a dual role to play, and the polo role was their star part. Now, making a virtue of necessity, various large mounds have appeared across the fairway, at strategic points, and on them grow magnificent specimens of vegetable marrows. Colonel Miller has the green fingers if ever a man had, which, of course, is one of the reasons why, even in wartime, Roehampton gardens are such a joy to roam round. It will be some consolation, no doubt, to the player who has topped the first tee-shot into one of them to stick a vicious fork into a succulent marrow au gratin when she sits down to lunch. If it should so happen that Bystander Foursomes are first back in the field, before the polo season, let us trust that the mounds may be left in place.

The entire course, I was told, was in lovely order, never better, a real tribute to Matthews' skill. But I got no further than the marrow mounds.

As for all the friends and the gossip round the auction-room, that must wait till next week.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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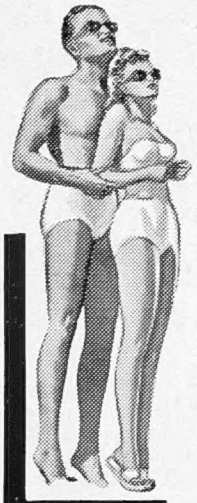

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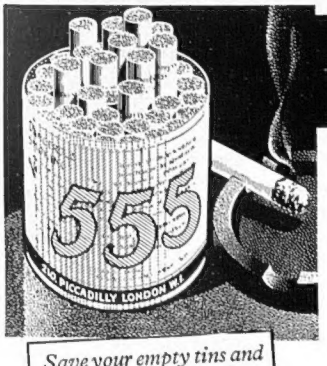

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Here is an extract from a story of an old Commander and a battered ship. He refused to be left out of the War.

"A Gift to the Nation"

By R. H. Watkins.

On the filmy edge of the fog was the submarine, black with menace, a steel thing devoid of human life. It was swinging fast. And instantly Mr. Hall got it. She was swinging to get a tube lined up on the big cargo liner already turning astern of the *St. Nicholas*. In a few moments that convoyed ship would be presenting her whole starboard side to the submarine's torpedo.

Commander Billingsby was coughing and fighting for breath.

"Ram! Ram that guy!" Mr. Hall cried. He jabbed his hand towards the sub and pinned the Cockney helmsman with his eye. "Right! Hard right! Ram that swab!"

The quartermaster gulped for air and started to spin the wheel.

"There 's a chance to get him," Hall said softly. His jaw was hard. His eyes stuck out as he stared at the sub a hundred yards ahead. "Swing her!"

The old man spoke.

His voice was thin but it cut through the air much as the destroyer had slashed through the seas.

"Steady!" he commanded. "Steady as she is!"

"Steady as she is, sir!" the quartermaster repeated shrilly. He halted her slowly-turning bow.

"But——"

The thin voice silenced Mr. Hall's agonised protest. "Not enough way, Mr. Hall. We couldn't get there. But——"

The old man lifted his thin hand to indicate the big, laden freighter and then his own sorry old craft, crawling slowly in between the submarine and that huge, easy victim.

"She makes a good screen, this ship," the old man said and his eyes turned back to the periscope. Already a destroyer was poking her sharp nose through the fog ahead of them. "A good screen, Mr. Hall—and small gift—to the nation."

His war-trained eyes must have seen something about that submarine that Mr. Hall missed, for suddenly his voice quickened: "Get the men out of the engine-room! All hands on deck!"

"All hands on deck!" bellowed Mr. Hall and dived for the engine-room speaking-tube.

He was still shouting down the tube in the wheelhouse when it happened. His eyes, turned towards the bridge, first saw Commander Billingsby's thin white hands suddenly leave the bridge rail and dart to his sides, fingers at the seams of his trousers. The small figure became stiff. Then something, sound overpowering his ears or a blast of air as solid as water, smashed down on Mr. Hall. The torpedo had hit.

When he could struggle again he managed to slide out from under a flattened section . . .

You will enjoy the whole of this story of adventure and patriotism.

From "AFTER THE WAR"

By C. Patrick Thompson

Move the eye from the current war production picture, patterned around the machine tool, to the post-war world of some distant to-morrow, and the first thing one sees is a world population capable of production beyond anything we have known so far.

The production problem, which has worried men through the centuries and the ages, is solved. In to-morrow's world we have to find the solution for distribution. Inability to solve that problem so far is the root cause of most of our troubles, from slumps and political upheavals, to Nazi-ism and the new war. It will be solved to-morrow by the creation of larger economic groupings among the nations, and, probably, considerable migratory movements.

Everything we use, wear and eat is likely to be cheaper: that is to say, people who work will get more in exchange for their toil and service of the things they want for daily living. And life will be very different; and people will not even look the same.

I made a note on that prospect a year ago, lunching with a chemical engineer in New York. He had brought along a pretty girl whom he introduced as his "laboratory mannequin." He headed a branch of the research side of a great chemical combine. In that restaurant, which was packed with women looking like fashion plates, the girl could have taken first prize for elegance. She was a vogue poem in yellow and lilac. And she was clothed completely in chemicals . . .

A very informative article in the August issue.

These too are in the AUGUST ISSUE . . .

SALUTE TO ENGLAND. By Negley Farson. From an American who took part in Britain's war, 1914-1918.

EXPORT TRADE. By Captain Frank H. Shaw. Britain's wealth streams out to all the world—submarines or not.

BOMBER ATTACK. Captain H. C. Biard puts on record the technique of the German Air Force in their drive to the Sea.

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THE HOUSE, THE INTERIOR, THE ACCESSORIES. Some interesting facts about furniture and decoration.

WHITE ELEPHANTS WITH ROSY FUTURES. Miss Winifred Lewis tells you how those pieces of Furniture left over from another Era can be utilised in many ways with little expense.

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